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REMINISCENCES OF C. C. COX.

II.

In the last days of Feby 1856 I left Galveston for West Texas and reached Seguin on the Guadeloupe River March 5th—traveled by rail from Hamburg to Alleyton on the Colorado and from that point to Seguin by stage. It was a wet spring in Texas and the Roads as a consequence were in a frightful condition—Those who have traveled by stage, from San Antonio to Houston in the winter season will understand the discomforts of the ride I had just made—I took quarters at the Magnolia Hotel—and finding the surroundings so agreeable, I made that place my headquarters, while prospecting the Country for a stock ranch.

Here I may as well state, if I have not already done so—that I left Cala with the intention of going into a stock Ranch business in West Texas in Connection with A C Hunter and it was to carry into execution this purpose that I was now seeking a location—Well the first step I took was the purchase of a saddle Horse—a grey poney from the blue grass hills of Ky—owned by John Ireland—Gen. Ireland later on—

Well I rode from the Mountains to the Coast—and from the Colorado River to 20 Miles west of the Nueces River—Sometimes alone but generly with parties who had land to sell—Mr Sol Johnson of Lockhart, a friend and companion on my overland trip to Cala and while in the diggings—took me on an extensive trip on the upper Guadeloupe San Marcos and Blanco Rivers—and Mr Chas Stewart of Seguin accompanied me mostly on my excursions to the south and west—Of course I saw many beautiful and valuable places and great areas of country, that were suitable for the purpose I had in view—and that were offered at reasonable rates, but I had not yet found the tract of land and the conditions that my exacting fancy had pictured until I reached the Nueces River—When on the West bank of said stream about 45 miles above Corpus Christi—I found the place and the only place that answered my expectations—The tract contained $\frac{1}{4}$ of a league, had 2 miles front on the River—about 400 acres valley land and the remainder

prairie, with here and there a few mesquite trees and all covered with mesquite grass[.] I bought this tract for \$2 per acre about double the price of other lands in that section—but the others I did not want at any price and this I could not buy for less—

So having found the Ranch—the next step was to stock it—

I had spent about 6 months in prospecting, had obtained a pretty good knowledge of the country and made many acquaintances—indeed I found friends in all directions—and in a social way I found Seguin very pleasant— At the time I write all that part of West Texas was in the heyday of prosperity—previous to 1856 there had been a series of good seasons—and the immense crops made along the San Marcos Guadeloupe & San Antonio Rivers had attracted a large emmigration to that section—and among them many wealthy and well to do farmers and planters from the various Southern States— These last brought their negroes, mules, carriages, and generally farming implements—forming at the time I first visited Seguin a state of society if not Aristocratic at least highly respectable and refined and cultivated and as pretentious as the most select of older settled countries— Quite a number of these families had come from Kentucky notably—the Georges, Ficklin, Reed Carpenter, Wilcox, Win & others—Some from Virginia and others from Miss. Alabama & S. Carolina— Land was worth all the way from eight to \$20—and as the status of a place and the condition of a people is generally judged by the show they make—to have visited one of the Churches of Seguin on a bright Sunny Sabbath and witnessed the number of fine family Carriages drawn by beautiful match mules or fine blooded Horses and presided over by a darkey in livery—or at least in his best Sunday clothes—which though usually second hand were noticeable as having descended from a gentleman of the house— Times were good money was plentiful and the people were happy— Such was Seguin and its surroundings when I first knew the place—there was great sociability among the people—and entertainments and amusements frequent & enjoyable.

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In Oct I purchased 650 head of cattle from Nations & Cavitt, near Gonzales—paid \$6 per head—about the same time bought 3 negroes—then a wagon and an outfit for camping went down and

received the cattle and drove them to the Nueces—arriving at the Ranch about the 1st of Nov 1856—

My immediate neighbors were Belden & Gilpins Ranch about 3 miles down the River and a Mexican family—Patrucio Ramirez, living on the Lagarto creek about a mile above Capt John J Dix on the Ramirena¹ creek about 3 miles away—and J M Grover across the River about the same distance Geo W Wright 6 miles up the river and Don Juan Vela 5 miles up the river— These people are all dead now save one (Capt Dix) but I am indebted to all of them for friendship and help and many acts of kindness—

.....

I want to offer a tribute to the Mexicans— Contrary to the Opinion of the world in general, so far as my Knowledge of their character goes—I think they are a much abused people, and I think my association with them, and my observation and experience in social life and on business relations, enables me to form a very correct estimate of these aztec people—I lived among them, worked with them, employed them, neighbored with them traded with them and visited their houses—and every where and at all times, recd the highest consideration and most disinterested friendship[.] As a rule they are generous faithful to their obligations—industrious as industry goes in this Southern clime—grateful always for favours, & appreciative of confidence in their integrity and naturally gifted in the school of politness—

In drawing this picture I have had in mind my two neighbors—Patricio Ramirez and Juan Arocha—and many, very many remembered names besides that in the years of my Rancho life, were companions in camp life on the prairies—as employers on the Rancho or simply *Besinos*—and for all these I record my good opinion and Kindliest regard—

This was before the day of pasture fences—the range was common property—true I had bought a large tract of land, but then I was green from the States—the stock men of the Nueces at that time were a few persons who had come out of the Mexican war pretty full handed and had secured large tracts of land and established Ranches—and a larger number from the Guadeloupe & other Rivers East—who had simply moved further west with their stock

¹Ramireña.

and set down at any convenient and accessible place in other words moved out to grass—but none of these had come previous to my arrival on the ranch. I had employed men to drive the herd out—and we reached the future Rancho Colimal about sundown and turned the cattle loose in the bottom pitched our camp in the Valley close to the River—the spot and so far as I could see all the region round was in Virgin apparel, not a track was to be seen, the grass was luxuriant the trees still covered with their summer foliage—and the long green moss that swayed in the evening breeze—a pretty camp but solemn in its lonesomeness—Supper over we lay down to rest and to sleep—perhaps to dream, for those nightly visitors like good angles often come to chat with the weary thoughts of tired nature, and whisper courage to the desponding soul—but not yet, let us listen to the song of the woods—the birds and the Beasts are giving us a serenade the Owls have gathered from far and near—Hoot Hoot—who are you, they seem to say—the answer comes from a score of coyotes entering upon their nightly carousals—laughing—crying yelping and howling and all so blended and musical, so wierd, wild & exciting that ones nerves seem to tighten up and you listen for the approach of the serranaders.

Such sounds coming in the otherwise stillness of the night—in the wild and unfrequented region I had located in—disturbed the serenity of at least one of the party that night—A young man that I had hired to remain with me a month or two—had quite changed his mind during the night—and when morning came and at the hour between daylight & sunrise there burst upon our ears the sound of many voices in the valley yelling and screaming like so many Indians and the cattle rushing out of the brush and scampering away to the hills—and then the horsemen not fewer than a dozen of them came charging after the cattle and on past the camp without so much as a morning salutation—or to say if they were Mexicans, Indians or spirits from the infernal regions all came upon us so sudden and unexpected—that my young man said he had seen enough and no inducement that I could offer and no consideration for my situation would prevail upon him to remain—said he had had enough of frontier experience on that that trip to do him the balance of his life—

The visitors of the morning were the vacaroes from the ——¹ of

¹Illegible.

Beldins Ranch and had gone in the valley before day to run out what cattle of the Ranch may have strayed into this Bend of the river—not knowing that I had turned my heard loose in the valley the over night— Of Course I followed after them as soon as I could saddle my horse, and found the cattle rounded up on the hill and the Caporal Juan Arocha apologized for disturbing my cattle—made a proffer of assistance at any time that I needed help and ever after proved himself an obliging neighbor[.]

Now, at last after months of anxious preparation I had entered upon Camp life—I had to build a house and so went into the woods and cut & hewed the timbers for the sills and sleepers and bought lumber in Corpus Christi to put up the house—built it California fashion size 18x22 feet with shed room on one side— I had decided to build on the hill but had not located the spot until the day came to begin work— It was a cold day a stiff norther blowing—and this decided the selection—a small mott of chapparall bushes afforded protection from the wind—and on the lee side of that mott I pitched my tent or logs and blocks, and there erected my castle—which stands to day a monument to my to my labor and dexterity in housebuilding—

My household consisted of the 3 negroes—(a woman & little girl and a boy about 14 years of age) and one hired hand—

Ranch life suited me— I loved the novelty of the business and the excitement of attending it[.] Game was abundant—and I indulged my love of hunting—to the fullest extent— The River and the creeks abounded in fish—and Mustangs and wild cattle were plentiful in the range 20 miles back from the river—wolves, wild cats, Panthers Leopard Cats—and Leopards, were all common to that section for several years after I settled there—but the routine duties of the Ranch enlisted my greatest interest and pleasure.

My cattle ranged from the river back up the Lagarto creek about 5 miles—Dix had a few cattle above me—Beldins cattle ranged below and back to the Aguedulce[.] I managed my stock after the Mexican plan— Once a week or oftener we would make a *Rodeo* or round up of the cattle— The plan is to have one herding ground on the Rancho—the cattle soon learn to run together at that place when they see the Vaceroes on the wing—and when those on the outskirts of the range are started, the movement becomes general,

and [no] prettier or more interesting sight can be imagined than a Rodeo in full progress— every cow catches the alarm and starts off at a brisk trot headed for the herding ground and by no circuitous route, but across hills and valleys—and converging as they proceed to this point of destination. The wildest and strongest always take the lead—but all have the same spirit to get there as soon as possible— the vacaroes follow behind to hurry up the stragglers—and when the round up is made—whatever may have been the purpose of the drive—whether to cut out and deliver Beef cattle, to brand calves—or merely to take out & *Doctor* such as have wounds from the blow flies—the cattle are cut out & taken to the pen and the herd dissolves itself and again scatters over the range—

With horses a different system prevails— Horse stock is kept in *Remudas* that is saddle Horses with one Bell mare—and mares and young stock are Kept [in] *Manadas*—or lots of about 25 mares—with a stallion to each *Manada*— The Horse becomes very much attached to his harum and will allow them to scatter—and when a number of these Menadas are thrown together for any purpose when turned loose it is wonderful to see these Horses seperating and collecting their several households together— they know every animal of their branch as well as the owner and are exceedingly vicious to a reluctant member of the family— These prairie stallions often meet in stubborn conflict and fight for hours for the mastery—

Stock raising in the primitive way is the most exhilarating, independent and profitable employment that a man could engage in— In those days a man well set up in the stock business was a veritable prince of the land— under and [any] and all circumstances the Ranche life is independent and remunerative but the Barbd wire attachment of these modern times has destroyed much of the zest and poetry of the business. . . .

the time went by—the years came and passed—and many incidents happened and changes took place but nothing of special importance changed the current of my life until the year 1860— when I brought to the ranch a wife and this was the beginning of the 2d epoc in my life & and the most important step that I had yet taken[.] Looking back now to the circumstances of the the times—her position at home— . . . raised in society & in ease and affluence—that I should have persuaded her to leave all her pleas-

ant surroundings to share with me the discomforts & privations of my home on the frontier, I am well nigh amased at the selfishness of the act as well as the faith and love and confidence that overlooked all dangers and discomforts and led her to trust her life & happiness in my keeping.

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Ours was a double wedding—Mr.—¹ Herron & Miss McKnight of Seguin—Mr Cox and Miss Fanny George were the contracting parties[.] the ceremony took place at the residence of Maj J W George some miles from Seguin—Rev Mr Herron Presbyterian Minister, officiated—A very large company of friends and acquaintances from the town and country about were in attendance[.] An elegant supper, Music and dancing passed away the evening—and the thing was done— I had joined the ranks of the Benedicts and grew in importance & responsibility from that hour—

After a day or two of preperation and leave taking which included the embracing and good byes and God-bless you Miss Fanny of all the negroes old and young on the place, we started for the Ranche—taking in Galveston on the route—we were of course the guests of Mr & Mrs S at the Island city— they made our sojourn of a few days very pleasant but the day of departure came, and taking the steamer to Indianola reached that town the next day,

Indianola at that day was a very important place and did a large business, being the shipping point for all West Texas—including San Antonio—it was in fact the only sea-port west of Galveston—

After a little delay we secured passage on a sail Boat to Corpus Christi—but just at this point occurred our first accident—and very considerable loss to say nothing of the agony of spirit that a lady must feel at seeing her trunk dropped into the salt water by careless boatmen—but there was no help for it—the trunk was secured and gotten on board—with most of the contents ruined or badly injured—

A lady passenger had joined us for the trip—a Mrs Merriman wife of lawyer Merriman of Corpus Christi—she proved to be an old acquaintance— I had stood grooms-man at her first marriage

¹Illegible. Probably Parmenio.

to a Mr Marr on Galveston Bay, sometime in the 40s[.] Marr died and the widow was now Mrs Merriman—

Well I cant do justice to the voyage from Indianola to Corpus, I think we were 2 days and nights making the trip— Some times there was no wind, sometimes the wind was ahead—sometimes not enough water—and the men would have to get out and push the boat through the mud— the sleeping apartments and the fare were ample for Boatmen but scarcely adapted to a passenger vessel—however we reached home at last—and with comfortable quarters on land and a hearty welcome from my many friends we soon forgot the discomforts of the trip—

I had brought with me from Galveston a new Buggy and also a new Carriage for my neighbor Dobie—my Horses had come down from the Ranch and the next day being somewhere about the 25 of April we reached our home—

I have said something of this home—given its location and somewhat of its appointments—but the introduction of a wife to the actual conditions that confronted her on our arrival were certainly appalling to a bride of only a week and if things had not appeared so rediculously primitive—barren and uninviting—a scene might have come off at sight of the place but it seemed just as easy to laugh as to cry—and as Mrs——(Maria) was there to receive us and welcome Miss Fannie to the Ranch, and made such splendid apologies for the appearance of the house and the non appearance of everything else in the nature of comforts that nothing occurred to marr the beginning of this home life—

But it was rough—rough in fact, for the material of the house was just as it came from the mill— The furniture was scant— a few hide bottom chairs, a bed stead a trunk and a table perhaps a shelf or two nailed on the wall—but the bedstead was the feature of the room— I say room because besides the one long room there was but little to the house[.] The Bedstead occupied the South corner of the room, stood 4 feet from the floor and was constructed of rough scantling and very strong—with a good moss matrass, and plenty of blankets to dress it— The negro quarter and Kitchen were a little apart from the house and made of Elm logs— we had a good cistern, plenty of milk and Butter chickens & eggs— generally the tables ——¹ turkey and other game at will—so thus cir-

¹Illegible.

cumstanced and with a good Buggy & pair of Horses—as well as saddle Horses and some pleasant neighbors, one found diversion and romance sufficient for each day as it came and went—

Mr Dobie had moved to the neighborehood in 58—his family consisted of wife and 2 children—they were old friends of mine from Galveston Bay—and came to the Nueces through my instrumentality[.]....

Mr Beldin was our next nearest neighbour[.].... Judge Gilpin the partner of Mr Beldin, was also a member of the family—the Judge was a Nova Scotia man— Beldin a New Yorker—both came to Texas at the time of the Mexican war—and made considerable money at Brownsville—but when I first met them were doing business in Corpus Christi— A little further down the River lived the family of Mrs Mann at the Rancho known as Casa Blanca[.] Mr Chas Russell who married a sister of Capt Dix—also lived a few miles away—and Mr Geo Wrights family, above us—and Capt Dix on the Ramirena constituted the society of our little community for a year or two—or until about the time of secession—these people were not of the usual frontier kind—but were cultured and refined, and formed an exceedingly polite and respectable society—

Mr Beldin had a brother in law a Presbyterian minister of the Gospel who was sent from the North to minister to our little neighborhood at an allowance of \$100 per year— Of course we had to suppliment that—and build a church House, which was located on the Casa Blanca creek— Here we assembled twice a month to receive religious instruction and to exchange friendly greetings and discuss the news—and spend a social day—often taking luncheon on the ground [.] But this did not last long—Mr Mitchell though a very good preacher, was too strong a unionist for a Texas congregation when the secession question got in full blast—the old gentleman felt it his duty to rebuke the spirit that was growing rampant among his little flock—and most unwisely prayed for the President of the U S for the perpetuity of the union—and that the misguided people of the south, might be brought to see the error of their way— That prayer dispersed the congregation never to meet again— Well after all the years that have intervned—and looking at the events—and the results—and conditions now—who will say that Father Mitchells prayer was not prophetic—

.....

—and so the time passed along as time usually does—marking off the days and weeks and years, with many incidents, but few important changes—until the year 1861—when the toscin of war, reverberated throughout the south—and called to arms the patriots of the land— The cause of the south was very dear to the people and great enthusiasm prevailed everywhere—and preparations for the conflict were seen and heard on every hand[.] Alas—how few of the noble spirits of that day had any conception of the magnitude of the task they were undertaking—or realized the responsibility and consequences of the secession movement— I frankly acknowledge my error of judgment[.] I did not entertain a doubt of the success of the southern arms— I thought the war would not last more than six months or a year at most—that the south would certainly achieve her independence, and that every surviving soldier would be crowned with glory and his name go down in history as patriot and hero—and having a family and a name to guard & protect—I felt that if I didnot participate in this war of independence that in after years, some sort of reproach would rest upon me and my family because of my recreance to duty at my countrys call— That humiliation and wounded pride would ever cast their grewsome shadows along the pathway of my boy—to cloud his life, his ambition and his prospects in the future—and when peace came and the finger of contempt contumely would be pointed at the decendants of the man whose name was not enscribed on the roll of the Southern Soldiery—

And yet I did not wish to go into the army—or rather I did not wish to leave home—my ranch interests forbid it my wife was bitterly opposed to it—there was no necessity that I should, and though I had always had a sort of admiration for military life, yet I was in no ways beligerent in disposition—and so although my heart was in the cause of the South—my convictions justified the course that had been taken and my confidence in ultimate and complete success and independence for the reasons before stated I had determined to remain at home—and so past the first year....of the war—

History furnishes the details of the wonderful achievements and many bloody engagements—sometimes victorious and sometimes defeated that belonged to that year—and I am only writing of myself and the little part that I had in the great civil war—we of

the Nueces were so far removed from the scene of activities, our numbers so few and our interests and business so urgent and difficult of control—that but little demonstration of the actualities of the conflict that was going [on] were noticeable in our section—In June 1861 there was a Militia organization and drill on the Aransas—but except that meeting there was but little of the war spirit publically manifested—

Now it is strange what a little thing will sometimes turn the tide in the affairs of men— In April 1862 there came to visit me a former Sacramento friend Mr Dudley Woodward—whose home was Indianola Texas— He was at the time of his visit just from Richmond Va—with a commission in his pocket to raise a company of cavalry for the war[.] He wanted men to join him in raising the co[.] I declined and repelled all his arguments and persuasion—though he remained 3 days at the House—but he circumvented me in the end[.] He begged me to at least go with him to Corpus Christi, introduce him to the boys, and help him in the matter of recruiting for his company—that led me into a trap—we went to Corpus Christi—taking in San Patricio on the way and meeting quite a number of young men on the trip, with all of whom I was well acquainted and to each I introduced my friend Woodward, who by the way was a very fine looking man, with pleasant manners, and persuasive address—and after letting him have his say—I urged his cause, and pictured the brilliant opportunity that was offered them to show their patriotism and love of country and to participate in the glory and honor that was to crown the victorious south— To any such appeal the one reply came—Cox are you going, If you go I will— I was anxious to help Woodward, and it seemed that success hinged upon my joining the Company, I became interested in this recruiting service and determined that it should not fail—and finally yielded to the force of circumstances and told the boys that I was with them—I shudder now at the recollection of the deep grief that I brought upon my poor wife by this inconsiderate step, but the die was cast— I could not be forgetful of the pleadings of home, but I could not be faithless to my promise to friends— But anyway it was pretty smooth sailing after that by the time I got back home the company was a certainty—we fixed a day to rendezvous at a place near Goliad to organize and Woodward returned to Indianola—

Of the men & boys recruited on that trip, I remember John Dee, Geo Maloy, Elisha Daughtery, Cris Sullivan Dave Hunter Lem Wright Tom Allsup Calvin Wright Si Elliff 2 Anth Bros—Joe Wright, H. C. Wright—all these from San Patricio and Banquette and nearly all of them have since passed over the River—Cris Sullivan and Lem Wright were both killed in La—noble boys, noble soldiers—but no laurels they wore nor praises that could be bestowed upon them by their comrades & country, could reconcile the parents of those boys in their great bereavment—The mother of Cris charged me with taking her boy off—and thought I let him be too much exposed at the time he received the fatal shot—Alas poor woman she could not understand that war means danger and death and the bravest spirits are the readiest victims—

However at the appointed time the company went into camp on a little creek near Goliad—Woodward bringing up his recruits from Indianola, Port Lavaca Goliad and all that section of the country and my men from the Nueces & region west—in all about 75 men—all well armed and mounted—in good spirits, and eager for service—we here organized by the election of Woodward Capt., Cox 1st Lieut Earl 2nd Lt and Beverly 3d Lieut—Henry Seeligsen Orderly seargent & so on—

Our Company was to form a part of Wallers Battalion—to be organized later on at Hempstead—but now the company was permitted to disperse until the date fixed for starting to Hempsted—and we all returned to our homes—

I pass over the agony of my return, the night was so dark that I seemed lost in a sea of blackness—the thunder rolled, and shook the earth with its frightful discharges of electric light—and the rain fell in torrents—I have always loved home and have always taken more pleasure in returning than in going—but this night my return was a sad one—I had now come face to face with the reality of the step I had taken—the act was cruel. I felt that I had been unkind and sacrificed the peace and perhaps the safety of my family—The storm seemed prophetic of some dire calamity to come from my inconsiderate act and my feelings were as gloomy as the night that encompassed me—But onward was my destiny—I had gone too far to retreat—and that night I felt that I had turned away from my happy home life and joined an *ignus fatuus*—that would lead me to many trials and perils—

My father-in law—Maj J W George was an ardent advocate of the war—being a true southern man, a Kentuckian, and the owner of many slaves, raised in affluence and indoctrinated in southern principles and ideas—and belligerent by nature he could not brook any sort of dictation from the North and when the war came on he was for killing off the d—d Yankees as fast as possible— At the first call for Volunteers, two of his sons enlisted for the war—one in Hoods Brigade and the other in Terrys Regt—the latter Dick George was killed in Ky—the other Moses George survived the war—serving on the staff of 'Genl Hood—and also on Stephen D Lees staff as Chief Quartermaster[.] But the Major (at home) was like the Roman Mother—who wept that she had not other husbands to give to the cause—there were yet 3 boys at home—and a son in law not far away—he thought we should all be in the army—he wrote me to bring my family to him and join the procession—or if I was afraid of the bullets to come up and take charge of his place & family—and he would shoulder his musket, and battle for the country—

Is it strange that I found courage and confidence in the influences at work on every hand—indeed sometimes when under inspiration of encouraging news or inviting and agreeable associations—I would seem to “smell the battle from afar off”— and feel that my place of duty was to the front—but then again would come the sober second thought—and as I had done from the day of my committal to the service would speculate upon the possibility of something turning up that would release me from my promise, and leave me again the free man that I had been to that hour—and so it is ever between right and wrong—they are two forces pulling in opposite directions, and though the heart be true and the conscience easy, it is a clear head that can always guide one in the proper path of duty—

But all this philosophizing only goes to show that I went into the service in a half hearted way—and my experience as a soldier and observation and association of 3 years with soldiers, convinces me that a married man has no business in the army—his heart is in his home—his love his interest, his cares and his thoughts—day time and night time—on the march, or on guard sleeping or waking—are with the loved ones at home[.] The boy or the single man leaves no such ties behind—his home is with his comrades. his

associations are pleasant and his mind unfettered by cares and anxieties left behind— But on the battle field the distinction ends—the excitement of the conflict, the sound of shot and shell, the smell of powder, the very danger of the situation is so exhilarating that the mind is completely absorbed with the incidents transpiring and every thought and feeling is concentrated upon the momentous work going on—and though the charge be up to the Cannons mouth, the spirit of the man, be he bachelor or benedict leads him to glory or to death—

After this long digression I will get back to my preparation for a start— The ordinary equipage for a soldier is his Knapsack and canteen—and if of the cavalry service his Horse and Saddle but my outfit was much more elaborate[.] The Inventory showed 2 saddle Horses— 2 Ambulance Horses— one ambulance, one negro boy, all manner of camp utensils bedding, Medicines—and my side arms— I paid M Ginns [?] \$150.00 for a war Horse—but before I got off he took the fistula and was unserviceable—bought another of Mr. Dobie for \$100—and another of John Fitch for \$100— One of my work Ponys was a \$100 horse—the first Horse I purchased in Texas—the other not so high priced but a good match for the Ky pony—

Mr. Fitch had been in my employ some time—and I now left him in charge of the Ranch—also left the negro woman and girl on the place—my wife kept the girl Maria with her—I donot remember how we all got away from the Ranch but we got away— Our destination Seguin—and reached there in safety—

I do not remember the month but probably in June 1862, the six companies of Wallers Bat. got together on the Brazos—and under orders to move to La—we took up the march and in due time camped on Vermillion Bayou in that State— The companies were here organized into a Battalion—but with the expectation of having a full Regiment in a short time— Col Waller was chosen Col—Lieut Boone Major—and this same organization existed throughout the war— I had the refusal of the position of Major of the Bat—but declined in favor of Boone for 2 reasons—I didnot care for promotion and again it was Known that on the organization of the Regt Woodward would be Lt Col—and in that case I would succeed to the command of our Company—a position that I much preferred to the other—

...soon after our arrival in La...my negro Boy Wade died from an attack of measles— It grieved me greatly to give him up and have to put him away in strange ground, but death is nearly always cruel and his Visitation unwelcome[.] Wade by the terms of the law was only a chattel—and worth about \$1000 but he was more to me— He had been a faithful servant and was a part of my home life—in his death a link in that life was severed. People of the old regeme will understand this—they understand the relation that existed between Master & servant, the confidence and regard and I might say affection that subsisted between the whites and blacks of the south— Those who have come on since the war will never realize or understand the conditions that prevailed previous to emancipation—but we the survivors of those days, who were often nourished at the black bottle, and fed from the skillet by black mama—will always treasure a grateful feeling for the faithful devotion of our negro servants— As to the result of the war, the freeing of the negroes—I have nothing to say— it may have been right—and for the best— I simply accept the situation but for the new order of negro, the smart sort, and social equality Kind I have no use, liberty should have been given the negro in smaller doses— Suffrage has been an injury to the race[.] They were not fitted for the equal political rights. Education is all right, but the morals of the negro need the most cultivation— For all the old time darkies, and you can tell one at sight by his manners, I have a real regard—

At the time we were sent to La, our command was the only Confederate Regt in the state, west of the Mississippi—but quite a large force of Malitia or state troops were in the field under the command of one Genl Platt— The Federals were in possession of New Orleans—and controlled the Road to Brashier— The Malitia Genl determd to make a raid on that road—developed his plan to Col Waller, and ordered him to move his command by the nearest route to the Missippe River & thence down the River to the Vicinity of Butte Station—a point about 30 miles above N. O. where the Genl had planned to surprise the enemy and capture the Rail Road—the malitia to move by a different rout, of course, to the scene of operation— This looked like active service, and the Bat took up the line of march in good spirits and moved off with alacrity—and though we had an almost impassable swamp to cross we reached

the River in good time and shape and then on down through the cane fields that skirted the River to a plantation about 3 miles above the R R station— Here the command was halted for noon Several little sail Boats, traders along the river and to N. O. came floating down the River—and our bold captain determined to take them in, which we did by firing a few shots and signaling them to come to— After examining the Boats and confiscating such articles as needed they were turned loose to go on their way—which was right down to the Federal lines— Our Col chose to remain at the plantation all day, and also that night— After dark he directed me to take a citizen that had come into camp and an old negro guide that he had picked up and go down and reconnoiter Butte Station—telling me that he had information that 1000 Yankee troops had the place, now as I have said we were not over 3 miles from the station. . . . Well about 10 O. C that night I rode into Butte Station and found it in ruins—the militia had made the attack—captured the town and burned it and torn up much of the track, but the train escaped—and the place was entirely deserted—not so much as a dog or chicken left— only a heap of ashes left— so I returned and reported—

.....

About 3 O C in the morning our pickets reported two steamers coming up the River—directly a third Boat came in sight— No one doubted the purpose of these Boats, by daylight it could be seen that they were loaded with troops—the third vessel was recognized as a Gun Boat— Our entire force was about 240 men—there was but one mode of retreat, that by the road we had come in. . . . One of the steamers landed about a mile above us—the other a mile below[.] Each had a field Battery and two or more companies of infantry— The Gun Boat moved up and took position midway— At this juncture the Col gave the command to forward march—the Bat moved off by twos, the advanced guard about fifty yards in advance—in the mean time the enemy had run down through the cane to intercept us—and before we had marched $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, bang bang, went the Yankee Enfeilds—and 2 of our advance guard fell in the road— consternation seized the command—the Col gave the order to countermarch— It must be remembered that our road lay through dense cane fields, the cane as high as a man on horse

back and the road about 10 feet wide— We countermarched on the double quick—Or being cavalry I should say trot— As we were rather conveniently near the gunboat at the first turning road we came to— running at right angles, that is from the River to the swamp—we took it—but now the Gun Boat had us in direct range and the shot and shell flew thick and fast—however the only effect of her fire was to accelerate our movement towards the swamp—reaching a point about 300 yards from the timber—in an open space between the cane and the Swamp the command was dismounted, the 6th man detailed to hold the horses—and the rest formed on foot into line of battle, facing the cane fields, about 40 yds distant—the enemy were completely hid from our view by the cane....and directly the Battery that had been run out from the upper Steamer and the Infantry that had followed down through the cane opened fire on us—the Battery from below had taken position and also begun a fusilade making a cross fire on us and the Gun Boat sent shot and shell faster and faster—and yet the men stood fast until the commander gave orders to break ranks—get to your Horses and fall back to the woods—this caused a regular stampede for the swamp—fortunately the shots were aimed too high—all went over our heads—but the music the shot and bullets made among the trees was scarey—

Acting as Adjutant on this expedition I of course was close to Waller all the time[.] The command went into the swamp promisculy—wholly without order, but somewhat in squads— We rode our Horses as far as they could go—the water was a foot to 18 in deep the ground filled with cypress Knees, and the bottom very soft— about 200 yds in the swamp we abandoned the Horses—they could not go farther in the soft mud— I took one last fond look at my good Horse, saddle & accoutrements and struck out on foot with Waller and about a dozen others into an impenetrable Mississippi swamp—without coursing or compass— The Col had kept the negro guide with him—and now we followed him, but it was the blind leading the blind— I think we must have boxed the compass a dozen times—we could not keep a course but kept going as our strength would permit—the ground was very soft and the water from a foot to 3 feet deep—much of the time one could not travel over a 100 yards without stopping to rest— On these occasions hungry and tired and humiliated as we were the plight we were

in, was so ludicrous that we could but laugh and try to make a joke of our mishap—indeed there was one consoling reflection, we had so far escaped being taken prisoners—and I always felt a much greater dread of a Northern prison than the Yankee bullets—

This battle of Bonie Carrie, that I have been telling about, took place about 8. O. C in the morning—all the balance of that day we meandered around in the swamp—and just at night we came to the edge of the timber very near where we had gone into it—the old negro said it was Genl Dick Taylors plantation—here we found some green corn, and very soon appeased our appetites with roasted roasting ears—

That night we coasted along down the edge of the timber, which was a mile or more from the River and parallel to it and at day light reached the R R at Bute Station—and thence along the track of the R R we kept on to the Malitia camp on Bayou Deselma[.]

The Yankees caught about 15 of our men and one Capt—my old friend Dr January—who stood his ground with sword drawn—swearing that he would not join in such an ignominious flight—The enemy [carried] every horse out of the swamp—took them on the Boats and went back to N. O. with great rejoicing—Our men got together in squads in the swamp and all got out one way [or] another, but mostly by the route we had come into the River—This left our little band of heroic texians in a bad plight—and our humiliation and discomforture in the presence of the Victorious *Kageans* [Acadians]¹ was very mortifying—

and now we are on foot—dismounted, and degraded to the infantry service—and for awhile were hauled about in La cane carts or marched on foot from place to place as the necessities of the service required—Col Waller was very sore over the condition of his command—He told us he would get authority to remount the Bat—and announced his intention to go to Alexandria La to see Genl Dick Taylor—now in command of the Dept West of the Mississippi—and it was determined to send a delegation with the Col—Capt Terrell of Co F. and myself were appointed to go—we were encamped at Tibadaux on Bayou Lafouch—Col Waller had

¹This term is applied to a class of people of French blood in the rural districts of southern Louisiana. Though popularly supposed to be descendants of the people removed from Acadia by the English, many are of West Indian origin.—EDITOR QUARTERLY.

obtained leave to visit Alexandria—the morning he took the stage, Terrell & I joined him....In due time we reached Head Quarters—and at once obtained an interview with Genl Taylor—Waller made his statement, which was in effect that the men would remount themselves if permitted to do so—and asked for permission to detail an officer from each company to go to Tex—for the Horses— The application was readily granted by the Genl—and we returned forthwith to our camp—and in a few days, I was off for home after horses for my company— a Lieut from each of the other companies came to Tex with me—and after securing the number of horses required—we returned to the command and Wallers Battalion from that time on did active and honorable service to the close of the war—

.....

On my trip to Texas for the horses I took time to visit my family at Seguin—Provisions were plentiful but clothing scarce & high and difficult to be had—all goods impor [ted] into our part of the state came from and through the Ports of Brownsville and Matamoras—and a large traffic was carried on in exchanging cotton for goods— But very many families had manufactures at home— The old fashioned spinning wheel, cards and loom, were brought into use again—and home made clothing was substituted for the fabric of the mills—but I cant dwell on these details—

Our command was remounted and attached to Gen Tom Greens Brigade which turned up in Louisiana about the time, we were again ready for cavalry service— Though belonging to the Brigade we were often detached for special service— The capture of the Gun Boat Diana on the Teche was the first taste of blood, and our first real experience in battle— The Bat was encamped near the Bayou—Capt Joe Sayers with two guns of the Valverde Battery was with us— The boat undertook to pass the camp, and commenced shelling as soon as she got in range our men charged up to the bank, dismounted and rained sharp rifle balls into the vessel—the bayou being narrow—the range was close and our men picked off the Gunners on the Boat—as well as the sailors and soldiers as fast as they would show themselves— and our little battery made frightful havoc with shot and shell— The Boat became disabled and unmanageable very soon in the action, but continued

her course down the bayou as best she could for almost a mile after the engagement commenced—when finding escape impossible and the deadly work of our rifles irresistible—the white flag was thrown out—and the firing ceased— On taking possession we found the deck of the Boat literally covered with the dead and dying—the vessel was riddled with shot & the wounded and dead were scattered all through the ship— The capture of this Gun Boat was considered a remarkable feat for a squad of Tex Cavalry—and this victory restored Wallers Battalion to the favor of the army and the position it held previous to its fatal experience at “Bonnie Carrie”—

Our next fighting was done at Bisland— Genl Dick Taylor with Head Quarters at Alexandria was in command of the trans Mississippi Dept.— It was understood that Genl Banks was planning an expedition to cross at Berwicks Bay. and move up the Teche in the direction of Alexandria and this caused the concentration of the confederate forces there in western La—and consisting mainly of Greens Brigade, between New Iberia & Berwick— Wallers Bat occupied the front—my company, the extreme front—and I with a detail of ten men, the advanced post or picket— In this position we remained two or three weeks— my picket camp was about 2 miles up the bayou from Berwick— 2 men were kept on picket all the time[.] The town of Berwick had many houses but no people— Brashier on the opposite side, being the terminus of the R R from N. O. was quite a business place—

Very little occurred to disturb the monotony of my duties—until Banks forces began to appear on the scene— I had held one or two interviews with the federal officers under flag of truce, relative to the exchange of the prisoners taken on the Diana—and through such negotiation a steamer was permitted to pass up to the town of Franklin to receive those men—

I had to make frequent reports back to my command of the movements of the enemy—and the demonstrations and the rapidity of their movements, in perfect view from my look out (an old frame building in the upper edge of the town of Berwick) enabled me to advise the army of the exact position of the enemy, the time and manner of their crossing the bayou—the kind of troops, Horse, foot and artillery—and nearly the probable number— and yet there was one man, an officer of high rank— who professed to doubt the whole

story—2 days before the Battle of Bisland—Genl Green & one Genl Gray a confederate officer and in some way ranking Genl Green rode into my camp—just after dark and asked me the condition of affairs, below—I told them that the enemy were concentrating in great numbers at Brashier, that steamers were there to transport the troops across to Berwick that the boats were constantly crossing over supplies and munitions of war—and that the whole Yankee outfit would probably be over next day....

The next day the main body of the Banks army crossed over, and late in the evening Maj Boone from our Bat with a few men came down to get a look at the enemy— we rode down to my look out—and forthwith a company of Federal cavalry trotted out to meet us—and chased the party back to my camp—

I cannot remember dates—donot recollect the month or day of the mo— But anyhow the Banks Army said to be 7000 strong took up the line of march from Berwick (and the 2d day attacked our forces at Bisland about 3 O C in the evening— Our men were somewhat protected by an embankment running from the Bayou back through the fields to intersection with an old R R embankment at the woods[.] Wallers Bat was stationed on the extreme right as support to Sayers Battery— my position was isolated, being some 3000 yds to the extreme right, with a few men from my company as picket[.] The Gun Boat we had captured had been refitted and took position in the Bayou on the left—

The advance of the enemy was an imposing sight— they came 3 Regts abreast—and seemed to be a mile deep Banners flying and drums beating, and moving upon us with as little concern as if simply on parade— The enemy opened fire as soon as they got within range—the cannonading & musketry then became general, the roar of the guns, the whizing of the shot and shell and the music made by the columns of infantry on both sides—made the occasion grand and inspiring—Our men held their position behind the embankment, and the engagement continued until quite dark—the enemy drew off for the night. the fight had demonstrated that the small force of Confederates, say 3000 men—could not hold the position against Banks 7000—we had lost the Gun Boat, a number of men killed—and Sayers battery badly crippled—just at that part of the line the enemy had done the most execution[.]

That night our army commenced its retreat. My squad was the

last to leave the Battle ground, because I was not called in until the last of the troops were in motion— The next day the Federals resumed their march— Our Battallion was kept in the rear, that is next the enemy—and company E. the rear co— We had many skirmishes with the advance of the enemy—but were unable to materially hinder their march— Our purpose seemed to be to protect our army on its retreat in the direction of Alexandria— Genl Green remained in the rear for several days, and showed himself to be a very fearless officer—

We were keeping up a sort of running fire for two or 3 days— The Yankees field guns were much heavier than ours—so when our Battery would take position in the road—and send back shot and shell at the advancing foe—they would move up to a suitable position and turn their guns on us—and with the columns of troops steadily marching on our position would become too warm for comfort and we would again fall back—and so on until our commissary and somewhat disgruntled army corp was far enough ahead to be in safety—and then our efforts at impeding the progress of Mr. Banks were relaxed—

This order of march was kept up until Banks changed his course for Port Hudson on the Miss river— Then the Yankees went in front and we followed skirmishing with their rear guard all the way—

At Cheneyville it was my appointment to bring on quite a serious fight— Maj Boone in command of our Bat planned an ambuscade for the cavalry composing the rear guard of the enemy— They were temporarily quartered at a plantation about 2 miles below us. The major told me to take 8 or ten men and go down the road and try to draw them out & if successful to retreat back before them to a point where he would be in ambush with the Bat— Obscured from view by a tall hedge along the road and the dwelling at that place— The plan was a success—

I dont remember all the men that I had with me but Tom Gay, Tom Main, and D. C. Proctor were of the number— After firing at the enemy for some little time I heard the bugle call to Boots & Saddles, and a company of Cavalry—about 75 strong—marched out in our direction and when their purpose became sufficiently manifest—and they had gotten sufficiently near we began to fall back—this encouraged the enemy to make an effort to catch us—

first a trot—then the gallop—and from the gallop into a run—we of course regulated our gait by that of the persuers— They gained on us rapidly firing their carbines and pistols as they came— Proctor was shot in the leg on the run—one man was killed just as we reached the ambuscade—but now consternation siezed Federal troops[.] here came the Bat pel mel right into the road—and with the dust and smoke and yelling and confusion and federals and confederates all mixed up, shooting and slashing with sabers, it looked for a minute like pandimonium reigned in that road— Of course the Yankees wheeled and got out as fast as they could and the most of them got away—but we held about 20 prisoners—and several were killed— And here I may say that I got the credit of lodging a Bullet in one of the troopers in that little fight, at least he said so, but he was not dangerously wounded and recovered in a few weeks—

'That was the Cheneyville fight— many other little engagements took place, but I cannot write a detailed history of our operations in La— In fact my memory is too short— I have forgotten very much more than I remember— Banks went on to Port Hudson and 4 days after Vicksburg surrendered—Port Hudson followed suit—

Previous to this Banks expedition western La, save that part between N O and Brashier had remained in the uninterrupted and peaceable possession of the confederates— It was a wealthy country and abounded in every thing that represented plenty and comfort—and the owners of the soil were a cultured and refined people—true most of the men were off in the war, but the old land marks—the Fathers with their wives and children and servants maintained the supremacy of the law and order and system and security pervaded the country—but the passage of that army through the country, left in its wake desolation and ruin— Sugar houses burned fencing destroyed, dwellings, burned, ransacked or rifled— Negroes all turned loose and mostly carried off with the army— Horses—cows & wagons appropriated or destroyed—and mere wantonness evidenced on every hand— like Shermans march to the sea— rapine and license were the order of procedure[.]

After pushing Genl Banks and his grand army corp across the River near Morganza which is a little below the mouth of Red River— our army countermarched and in time again occupied the

Teche country— The federals still being in possession of Brashier city—

And now was planned the most successful coupe that was made in the trans-Miss dept— This was the capture of the Fort at Brashier about 200 men from the Brigade were dispatched at night in small Boats to land and attack the fort in the rear—about daylight[.] The balance of the Brigade under the immediate command of Genl Green marched down to Berwick, which is immediately opposite Brashier and awaited the attack from our men of the Boats— at daylight they had not come, before sunrise the enemy discovered us and a great commotion followed— The blue coats could be seen running in every direction, the fort was maning the guns—two Gun Boats in the River, began to send out volumes of black smoke and as our position was very much exposed—and as we had not intended to fight them at long range and the Genl thinking that the expedition in the Boats had in some manner miscarried he concluded to send them a few shots from our 2 field pieces just by way of a morning salutation— By this time the enemy was ready for business—the fort saluted us first and then the Gun Boats (One of the Boats ran off) the fort being a little above us on the opposite side of the River—the Gun Boat below us, gave them a cross fire at us and the shell and shot came thick and fast—the fact is it was dangerous to be there—a large mound and the houses gave some protection, until the enemy got the exact range and then they dropped their shells right in our midst— Just as our commander was on the point of withdrawing from so unequal an engagement—the welcome yell of the men from the “mu[s]quito fleet” apprised us of their presence, and before the Yankees could turn their Guns on them they were in the fort and the surprise and consternation and panic was so great that resistance was not thought of and about 1500 men laid down their arms and surrendered—we secured a large quantity of military stores, Arms—and plunder of all sorts—and after a few days occupancy of Brashier, again withdrew to the west side of the Atchafalia—

I was not present with the command in all the service in La—and will pass along to the time that our Army was ordered to Texas, to meet a rumored attack of the enemy on Galveston— Genl Magruder was there in command—but after concentrating the troops on the Brazos, it was learned that Banks was moving in the

direction of Red River—and our forces were moved back to Alexandria and shortly after gained a decided victory at Mansfield—and drove the Yankee army out of the Trans Mississippi Dept—or at least that part of it which had been previously held by the Confederates—

While these later events were going on, I was engaged in raising a second company of cavalry for the war— Walter Mann my neighbor on the Nueces, had obtained from Genl Magruder a commission to raise and organize a Battalion for service in the west—say between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. At his solicitation, I undertook to furnish one of the companies— I had some difficulty in getting released from my company in Wallers Bat—and finally succeeded only through the personal friendship of Genl Green and so with this commission I came out home and went to work to raise the company— Nearly all the available men were already in the service but here and there were men holding back through exemptions of one sort and another—some who had been discharged on account of physical disability and young men not yet of conscript age and some over age— I found John S McCampbell a lawyer, then of Goliad but in late years of Corpus Christi, with about 15 men already recruited—and he joined me in the effort to raise the company— He to be 1st Leut, and I Captain—in a few weeks we had enrolled 60 men and reported at Manns Hd Quarters on the Guadeloupe River— the Bat was organized with 6 companies none of them full (80 men rank & file) but furloughed for a brief time to recruit and fill up the companies—

I had raised this company under a promise to every man of service in the west and I felt under obligations to see that the promise was carried out—and so when we were again ready to go into camp, Col Mann had reported to Genl Bankhead on the Colorado—and the destination of the Regt was changed, by order of Magruder from West to East—This greatly demoralized the men—Had they been subject to the conscription laws, it would have been different—but these men were volunteers in a double sense and for a special duty—that of protecting our south western frontier—and the interests of that section of country between the Nueces and Rio Grande—and as a considerable force had to be kept in that service—and my men had been recruited for that purpose— it was considered in violation of their contract to divert the command from its original

purpose— The up shot of the matter was that the company was disbanded, and nearly all the men returned to their homes— and I proceeded to rejoin my old company—

I think now I made a mistake, and should have submitted to orders and thus preserved my company—but at the time I thought my first duty was to the men that I had persuaded into the services and preferred to sacrifice promotion and honors rather than deceive my men—

The Brigade was in Arkansas when I rejoined it and in a few months we were again in Texas—and the next move was to La[.]

I had contracted dysentery, chronic dysentery—and my condition became so critical that on recommendation of the Physicians I obtained leave of absence and came home— on my return to the army news came of Lees surrender and Greens Brigade like all other confederate troops dissolved and dispersed to enter again into the conditions and affairs of private life— And so ended my military life—

I have only skimmed over the 3 years that I was in the Army—and barely indulged in a few leading thoughts and reflections—and mentioned some of the leading events—in which I was directly concerned—and have passed over the thousands of incidents, privations and dangers—as well as the humerous and and pleasurable features of the long campaigns— but have recorded enough to show that I was a participant in the cause which though lost is still dear to the people of the south—

The breaking up of the Army inaugerated a worse condition of affairs in most parts of the country and especially in south west Texas than had existed during the war— 4 years of soldiering greatly demoralized the men—idleness and disipation and card playing had begotten in many a disposition to prey upon the country and thieving and robbery and murder became prevelent in many parts, and it seemed that as the years went by —crime increased until a state of anarchy existed in all S W Texas— and thus with homes despoiled, property lost business stagnated, and poverty at the door, with tyrannical and unjust reconstruction laws, and the infamous carpet bag gang that presided over the affairs of the people, the humiliation of defeat and the arrogance of the victors— From all these conditions and much more an idea may be gleaned

of the actual situation in most parts of the south for some years after the war—

But glorious and grand as is the record of southern valor achieved in that war—more honor is due to the survivors of the conflict for the rapid recuperation of lost fortunes, and the rehabilitation of our beautiful south land—until today it is the most prosperous part of the earth[.] “In many misterious ways God works His wonders to perform”—was the result of the war a demonstration of the will of the Almighty? then Solomon was a little off when he said in a multitude of counsel there is safety— Secession was the act of a united people—the measure was almost unanimous—but there were a few leading spirits that opposed and foretold defeat—but these were like the rivulet to the mighty stream—seen but not felt—and the maddened current swept on to ruin—to ruin—or was it to future greatness and prosperity— If defeat meant the perpetuation of the sisterhood of states, under the constitution of /76 for generations to come, the return of fraternal relations between a divided people and the kindling anew the fires of patriotish and universal love of country, and the eventual building up & establishing the greatest, wealthyst and most powerful nation on the earth—then as many believe the south should have fought for her rights under the flag and not against it— Rivers of blood, mountains of money, and oceans of suffering marked the progress of the conflict and evidenced the intensity of the struggle and made an epoch in our history momentous and peculiar—but enough—“alls well, that ends well[.]”

I must pass now from the life of a soldier to that of a civillian,—take up my ranch life again—and in a brief way present the prominent events about my home— This will take me back to the period when on my last visit to the Ranch before the end of the war—I had taken my wife and children (Sid & Neely) down to the ranch for a few days stay,—and on reaching the home of Mr Dobie, our nearest neighbor, we found Mrs Dobie dying of typhoid fever—my wife remained with her to the end, and thereby contracted the disease, and in a few days was herself taken down, with that dread disease and it was 60 days before I could remove her[.]

during this time—a panic siezed the people, my neighbors, on account of the rumored withdrawal of the confederate troops from Brownsville—and the probable advance of the enemy, who it was

believed had possession of the lower Rio Grande country—and so, many families *skeedadled* over to Beeville and Goliad or to Corpus Christi for safety—but at length my wife was able to stand the trip and we returned to Seguin where she shortly fully recovered[.]

I cannot fix the dates even the years accurately of the events I am writing about—but what I write down are actual happenings—

In June, 1865, the war being over, I returned with my family to the ranch—Jimmy, my 2d son and 3d child, was one month old—the trip was somewhat exciting, we had the Majors Carriage, and two mule wagons, composing our train—were several days on the road and were continually meeting the returning soldiers from the Rio Grande[.] reports came to us of all manner of depredations being committed by these discharged soldiers—all Govt property was seized and appropriated—our wagons & mules were subjected to examination—for stores belonging to the C. S. and our mules for C S Brand—but withal these men treated us with perfect respect—

A very heavy rain came on us about 5 miles from the Nueces River, and by the time we reached the ferry at the Beldin Ranch—the valley of the river was a sheet of water—and the river was near the top of the bank—S. G. Miller was keeping the ferry, and though many wagons were waiting to cross—he kindly & neighborly looked at our situation and put us over first at dark—we had still 3 miles to go—and it kept on raining, the ground became soft and the wagons bogged several times on the way, but about 9 O. C we reached our haven of safety—

And now for the next 2 years our lives ran even and serenely—the seasons were fairly good, the stock prospered, the people got back to their homes—business conditions were generally satisfactory, and so with visiting and receiving visitors fishing and fishing picnics and occasional trips to the old folks at Seguin—the time passed pleasantly—but alas for human hopes and loves and desires—the year 1867 was a memorable one in Texas—especially the coast cities—it was the year of the yellow fever epidemic— On the 15th day of August 15 persons died in Corpus Christi,—in this year and [in this] epidemic, Maj Williams, and Mr McMurphy soninlaw of Genl Sherman, died in Galveston but I come home to name the grief of griefs the death of my dear Fanny— After a lingering second attack of Typhoid fever—she died at 6. O. C P. M.

Aug 15—and was buried on the 16 in the Dobie Grave yard— I don't know whether she should have died or not. In those days the best medical attention was not to be had. Scientific nursing and attention was equally [in]accessable—but our friends of the neighborhood, rendered all possible assistance and were kind and helpful to the last—

.....

I have omitted to mention in the proper place the death of my two sisters Mrs Sherman who died in Houston before the close of the war, it was believed of a broken heart on account of the death of her son Sidney, a Lieut of Artillery, who was killed in the fight at Galveston in Jan 1863 and Mrs Morgan who died some years later in Ky of consumption[.]

In 1869 the Kansas Cattle trade developed into a great traffic— It was estimated that 600 000 head were driven to Kansas that year[.] It took about 3 months to make the drive[.] The cattle fattened on the road—and found ready sale on arrival in Kansas— Abilene on the Somky [Smoky] hill river was the cattle emporium at that time— Abilene is on the Kansas Pacific R. R. about 200 miles west of K. C— I took up a drove that year—

The George family all located in Kansas city that fall— my children were with the old people and I left them there that winter and came home to prepare for another drive the next year—that was 1870— I assistd the George Bros in getting up several thousand Beeves—received and paid out about 60 thousand dollars for them— I hired Mr. R Curtis to take up my heard and met the cattle in Kansas about Aug[.] Genl Sherman and daughter Mrs Carrie Williams accompanied me to Ky— But at Louisville Ky I was switched off at Cincennati and thence to Washington city by telegrams from Maj George & one Slaven of K. C. to perfect a contract they had secured from the U S Govt to supply beef [to] the Indians on the Platt— Making the bid and getting the contract in my name[.]

Leaving Washington I returned to Ky—and after a short visit continued my journey to K C[.] Spent a short time with the Children and then proceeded out to Abilene— my cattle had arrived and were soon disposed of and the hands sent home— Paid Curtis

\$500 for bossing the trip— I cant remember the expense a/c of these drives—but they were heavy—

.....

On leaving K C in the fall I took the children with me

.....

In 1872 I sent up a herd in charge of Jno S Crump and Will Holton—intending to follow on in the summer so as to meet the cattle on their arrival at Abilene—but a severe wound I recd in my leg from an axe laid me up for a month or two and had to Abandon the trip—

.....

Sid & Neely were now large enough for school—Mr Dobie had 3 children Dolly Sterling and Minnie of school age—and we employed Mr. ——¹ at \$30 per month to teach them—the school was at my house and lasted about 3 months—

Another great die up of the cattle occurred that winter—but as hides were worth about 18c per pound and cattle about \$4—the traffic in hides became a big business—and people of all grades and calling, scanned the range for the dead and dying animals[.]

About September of that year I moved over to my new place the Valley Ranch—and about the same time Mr Railey and family occupied the old ranch my former home— The nuclus of the Village of Lagarto had formed one mile from Valley Ranch—J W Ramsay, Sam Beall, Sam Cook, T P McNeill C C Lewis and some others were settled there—Sam Beall had started a store, I bought him out at the price of \$1000 cash—paid him fifty \$20 gold pieces—and thereupon engaged in the mercantile business— Money was plenty times were good—the country was prosperous— Lagarto continued to fill up and improve[.] My business grew to about \$40,000 per year[.] I still had a good stock of Horses—about 200 head of cattle—several thousand dollars in money and goods—my home of about 300 acres which with improvements cost not less than \$6,000—and with friends & encouragement on every hand, with perfect health—and my children with me—the days and months rolled by with little to marr or interrupt our pleasant life—

In 1874 I again visited my old home in Ky— Father and mother

¹The name is torn out.

still living, and Brother dispensing hospitality at the old stand—
and on Oct 5th I had the honor and happiness to receive the
 hand and heart of Miss Nellye Stedman—daughter of Maj E H
 Stedman of Stedmanville Ky—

.....

Lagarto at this time had grown to be quite a village[.] there
 were 3 stores 2 Hotels Blksmith shop & some other business houses
 —and the population was not less than 150 souls—the country
 around about was pretty well settled up with well to do Ranchmen
 —all of which made Lagarto a very business like place and the
 people being friendly and sociable and many of them cultivated
 and refined our social surroundings were agreeable and afforded
 entertainment in many ways—

My business was running the store, raising Horses and cattle, and
 farming on a small scale— Mr Church was chief clerk in the store
 for about 2 years at the salary of \$100 per month[.] Louis Cox
 another nephew and Knox Barfield also served as clerks for a year
 or two—in 1875 my brother L J Cox came out and spent a part
 of the winter with us—brought out several head of Durham calves
 which he had purchased for me in Ky—

.....

In the fall of 1875 our family was increased by the arrival of
 Maj Stedman & my nephew Jake Cox, then about 14 years of age—
 Mrs Stedman had died at her home in Ky. from the effect of a
 fall—....

In the spring of 1876 my brother made us another visit—this
 time bringing with him, several head of improved Ky cattle and
 fifty head of Cotswold sheep— about half the cattle died— the
 remainder sold for fair prices and the sheep were disposed of at
 \$20 to \$50— The following year that is 1877, Harman Stedman
 & family moved from Ky to Lagarto—

I had a lumber yard in connection with the store—and had
 bought and built several Houses in the town—and had erected a
 Grist and saw mill, but made the mistake of getting a small power
 engine—and in consequence the Mill had not the capacity to make
 it a profitable investment—but the Major being an old Miller ran
 the concern to some advantage[.] After Mr H Stedman came out
 he took charge of the Mill & ran it while I owned it—

The Maj made his home with us and devoted his time to Gardening, horticulture and Bee raising and made each a success, this was at Valley Ranch—later on he purchased and improved Sunny side the present home of Mr. H. Stedman—and where he domiciled until March 1885, the month and year of his death—

.....

In 1878 I sold out the store to H B Newbury but kept the Lumber yard and the Post office until about 1881 or 1882[.] In which year I think it was I sold the Valley Ranch to Dr A. G. Henry and moved to a rented house in Lagarto[.]

.....

In 1883 we moved to the Caswel[?] Ranch on the Nueces River—owned by S G Miller—there we remained about 2 years and in Aug 1885 packed our trunks and embarked for Missouri where we expected to secure a pleasant and permanent home—but...the failure to realize our expectations forced us back to Texas....

On my return to Live Oak County in Aug 1886 my friends encouraged me to offer for County Judge and at the election that fall I was elected to the office—and have held this office continuously for six successive terms—